

Coalesce

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Coalesce

by [KillLaKillMe](#)

Summary

The former Scissor Sisters discover a connection between them that runs fathoms deeper than they'd ever expected.

You okay, sis?

I am.

Safety. Tranquility. A sense of inner peace, for once. Eight feet beneath the surface of the water, she couldn't hear anything but the rhythmic rushing of blood between her ears. She opened her eyes to find a visage, strikingly similar to her own mirroring her, blurry from the water. Dark blue eyes. A flash of red in the midst of tangled black locks.

Knees knocked against each other as she reached out towards her, grasping and intertwining their fingers to pull their bodies closer together. Even with the water filtering out most of the light from where they sat suspended at the bottom of the pool, they didn't once break eye contact.

Hey.

Hey, yourself.

Sister. Her sister. Her one and only.

She slipped her arms over Ryuko's shoulders, closing off the space between them. She could feel her pulse, pounding strong and steady. The feeling of water cocooning their bodies from all sides was probably kin to the experience of being in utero, if she could only remember. The space they'd shared once before, not quite at the same time, but so close. Eerily familiar, and overwhelmingly warm despite the coolness of the water. Their world was muted around them, almost as if they'd paused real life for these few precious moments.

Down here, there were no distractions, so she could hear that soft voice calling to her, in a tone that no one else had the privilege of hearing.

We're getting better at this, don't you think?

She focused on her response, projecting it towards her sister. With nothing to compromise her focus, the thought flowed easily from one mind to the other.

Definite improvement.

Ryuko was slightly more advanced with this kind of communication, being so used to synchronizing with Senketsu in the past and hearing his voice in her head. She could "speak" in full sentences, whereas Satsuki was currently limited to short, fragmented thoughts. They were both making leaps and bounds of progress since the very first time they'd discovered this telepathic ability, however. And being submerged underwater was a great aid. At the same time, it was awfully inconvenient. Her lungs burned within her, bad air signals going off in her brain. Ryuko was picking up on them.

Time to go back up to the real world, eh?

Unfortunately.

Without another word, they sprang off from the bottom in perfect sync, both their movements and natural buoyancy propelling them upwards before they broke the surface, gasping and panting.

“Nani sore? You two were down there for like a minute and a half!” Nonon exclaimed as they climbed out via the deep end ladder. Satsuki shrugged her shoulders. Hoka just muttered something about possible genetic abilities and human lung capacity before lobbing an inflatable beach ball at the back of Nonon’s head.

“Ryuko-chan! You never told me that you and Satsuki-sama were mermaids!”

Ryuko just winked at her sweet, naive friend, holding up a finger to her lips as if to say “keep it a secret!” before turning to look into Satsuki’s eyes.

Again?

Satsuki nodded at her sister, much to the confusion of everyone watching. They stood at the edge of the water, parting their linked hands and preparing to dive again. She forced the remaining stale air out of her lungs, and inhaled deeply to replenish them.

One, two, three.

Water rushed around them as they simultaneously dived into the pool. Once she knew they were both under, Ryuko searched for Satsuki. She looked down to see that’d reached the floor already. Paddling to follow suit, she let her body drop like a rock. As she made contact, she spoke to her sister.

So eager to stay ahead of me in everything, eh?

Satsuki gave her an apologetic look.

Sorry. Got a little excited.

Ryuko raised a brow.

About?

Satsuki didn’t respond. She closed her eyes and let a pleasantly heavy feeling envelop her, allowing it to manifest into a soft light around her body. She then projected it onto Ryuko, who felt a jolt. Opening her eyes, Satsuki saw the younger girl glare at her.

I’m not a doll. I can feel when you do that. What’s got you so happy?

She had noticed the warm halo of light surrounding her was yellow. Each girl had her own unique set of colors to accommodate her more complex emotions, but they shared a few of the basics in common. Among these were happiness (a sunny yellow), sadness (a stormy blue-grey), anger (an intense red), and love (a soft, rosy pink). Any onlookers could see the physical effects of the emotions themselves, of course, but the colorful auras were visible to sisters alone.

You.

Ryuko's eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Me?

Before Satsuki could make any sort of response, she found her legs had kicked off from the concrete once again, an instinctive response to the dwindling quality of the air in her lungs. Ryuko's Life Fiber-infused heart did allow her to stay under longer than the average human, but it didn't stop her from sensing her sister's discomfort. Whatever Satsuki felt, she felt too, on some level. A side effect to the telepathy thing, she guessed.

Surfacing once again, the sisters were met with incredulous looks from their shared friends for the second time that afternoon. Satsuki sputtered for air, treading water, while Ryuko climbed the ladder. She sat at the edge of the pool, watching the older girl with a protective eye.

I'm not a baby, Matoi.

Ryuko's lips curled into a smile.

Never said you were. Still gonna take care of you like it's my job. I owe ya that much.

Satsuki rolled her eyes as she paddled through the water to reach the ladder. Once she was safely on the pool deck, she punched Ryuko's arm. Ryuko faked being hurt, and laughed when Satsuki rolled her eyes once again.

"You guys have gotten really close!" Mako bubbled, handing the both of them a towel. Ryuko muttered her thanks and Satsuki nodded at her.

"Well. I guess trying to kill your own mother could qualify as a sisterly bonding experience." Ryuko responded, putting a hand to her chin. Satsuki glared at her.

That will never be funny.

I know. Just trying for some catharsis here. Healing with humor, you know? Alright, alright. I get it. Too soon. I'll stop.

"I do appreciate that you're making an effort, Ryuko."

"Thanks for the compliment, I guess?"

They carried on, momentarily forgetting they were surrounded by their friends, conversation lapsing between telepathy and regular speech. It was all too easy to get caught up in each other this way, and lose track of their surroundings if the circumstances were relaxed enough. In this case, a weekend date out with their friends with nothing stressful to keep them on guard, it was bound to happen.

"Are you guys alright? You're talking a little funny! Dad said if a patient has nonsensical speech patterns it could be a sign they're having a stroke! Ryuko-chan, can you lift both arms

up? Say the alphabet for me! How many fingers am I holding up?” Mako babbled, rushing over to place a hand on Ryuko’s forehead and mime several medical procedures, tapping at her kneecaps to test her reflexes and pretending to take her temperature.

“We’re fine, Mako, we’re fine! Don’t worry about it.” Ryuko assured the overzealous shorter girl. She glanced over at Satsuki, who was talking to Nonon about something. Squinting her eyes, she concentrated on projecting something onto her. While Ryuko was the one good with words, Satsuki was the one who could share abstract concepts and emotions better. She felt the feeling leave her body, and pictured it flowing over to Satsuki.

The taller girl received it with a jerk, spine snapping upright, and excused herself when Nonon gave her a concerned look. She turned to glare at Ryuko, her eyebrows turned down in disapproval. She voiced her opinion.

No.

Ryuko snorted.

No, what?

Satsuki tilted her head with a frown as if to say “you know what”.

That feeling was... distinctly purple.

Ryuko smirked. Purple represented a very... sensual feeling, to say the least.

Ya don’t say?

Satsuki almost reached over to punch her in the gut.

I am not attracted to-

Satsuki couldn’t finish her sentence. She tried again.

Nonon is my best friend.

Ryuko shrugged.

Whatever you say, sis.

I repeat. Not attracted to her!

Satsuki started to feel a slight vibration humming through her body. It was slow at first, almost escaping her notice, but it soon reached a steady rhythm. She leaned back and gave Ryuko an angry wide eyed look as her blood began to boil, cheeks burning. The offending girl stared right back at her, an unapologetic smirk plastered across her face.

You might not be, but I sure am!

Wipe that shit-eating grin off your face, you little--

“Hey! Do you guys want to get some ice cream?! I really want some green tea ice cream!” Mako exclaimed, cutting Satsuki off, licking her lips in anticipation and rubbing her belly. Satsuki really had to hand it to the underachiever for defusing the situation, even if she had done so unwittingly. Mako pumped her fists in the air as if leading a troop into battle. Everyone in the group nodded and chimed in with their agreement, following her towards the locker rooms.

“Sure,” Ryuko sneered, trailing after everyone else but keeping enough distance between her and the others so that Satsuki could hear her. “I’d love some ice cream.”

Grabbing her towel with more force than necessary, Satsuki dried herself off and paced past Ryuko, purposely bumping into her in the process.

This isn't over.

Ryuko let out a hearty laugh.

Tell that to your now energized libido.

Satsuki turned around and with a grunt, pushed the younger girl into the water before striding away to catch up with the crowd.

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